Desd. Who he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne,
Drew all such humors from him. *Enter* Othello.
Em. Looke where he comes.
Des. I will not leaue him now,
Let *Cassio* be cald to him: how is it with you my Lord?
Oth. Well my good Lady: O hardnesse to dissemble:
How doe you *Desdomona?*
Des. Well, my good Lord.
Oth. Giue me your hand, this hand is moist my Lady.
Des. It yet has felt no age, nor knowne no sorrow.
Oth. This argues fruitfulnesse and liberall heart,
Not hot and moist, this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty: fasting and praying,
Much castigation, exercise deuout;
For heere's a young and sweetting diuell here,
That commonly rebels: 'tis a good hand,
A franke one.
Des. You may indeed say so,
For twas that hand that gaue away my heart.
Oth. A liberall hand, the hearts of old gaue hands,
But our new herraldry is hands, not hearts.
Des. I cannot speake of this, come, come, your promise.
Oth. What promise chucke?
Des. I haue sent to bid *Cassio* come speake with you.
Oth. I haue a salt and sullen rhume offends me,
Lend me thy handkercher,
Des. Here my Lord.
Oth. That which I gaue you.
Des. I haue it not about me.
Oth. Not.
Des. No faith my Lord.
Oth. Thats a fault: that handkercher
Did an *Egyptian* to my mother giue,
She was a charmer, and could almost reade
The thoughts of people; she told her while she kept it,
T'would make her amiable, and subdue my father
Intirely to her loue: But if she lost it,

Or

Intirely to her loue: But if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it: my fathers eye
Should hold her lothely, and his spirit
After new fancies: she dying, gaue it
And bid me when my fate would hau
To giue it her; I did so, and take hee
Make it a darling, like your pretious e
To loose, or giue't away, were such pe
As nothing else could match.
Desd. I'ft possible?
Oth. Tis true, there's magicke in t
A Sybell that had numbred in the wo
The Sun to make two hundred comp
In her prophetique fury, sowed the w
The wormes were hallowed that did
And it was died in Mummy, with the
Conserues of maidens hearts.
Des. Ifaith i'ft true?
Oth. Most veritable, therefore loo
Des. Then would to God, that I
Oth. Ha, wherefore?
Des. Why doe you speake so star
Oth. I'ft lost? i'ft gone? speake,
Des. Heauen blesse vs.
Oth. Say you?
Des. It is not lost, but what and
Oth. Ha.
Des. I say it is not lost.
Oth. Fetch't, let me see it,
Des. Why so I can sir, but I will
This is a tricke, to put me from my s
I pray let *Cassio*, be receiu'd againe.
Oth. Fetch me that handkercher,
Des. Come, come, you'll neuer me
Oth. The handkercher.
Des. I pray talke me of *Cassio*.
Oth. The handkercher.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32)